On Sundays she dons her special finery—

292

the terrible danger with which it threatened them bit deeply into the minds of the people; in such old customs as the "Schmoderwisi" the memory of this hour on.

With the extinction of the Tyrolese branch of the ruling house, Tyrol lost its political eminence in 1665.

At the turn of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, after nearly a hundred and fifty years of peace, it became one of the battlefields of the War of the Spanish Succession. At first Prince Eugene was successful in the south of the country, but later it was occupied by the Bavarians. The Tyrolese rising, the marvelous battle at the Pontless Bridge in the depths of the Upper Inn Valley, and the Battle of Lang below the Brenner Pass, put an end to the "Bavarian Roadies" and showed for the first time the almost unconquerable strength of a mountain people when it allies itself with the powerful natural defences of its native soil.

Peace returned to the Province and once again a great princess left her mark on the capital. Maria Theresia had come to Innsbruck to celebrate the marriage of her son Leopold; a triumphal arch was to commemorate the event. Five weeks later the beloved husband of the Empress died in the Hofburg at Innsbruck. That is come about that, to remind one of the inconstancy of fate, the arch shows on the side through which the bridal pair entered the city, scenes of joy and of life. On the other, which faces the town, are scenes of mourning illustrating the transitory nature of human fortune. To this day it is called the Arch of Triumph. The triumph of life over death, or of death over life?

The Napoleonic Wars brought to Tyrol its heroic epoch which culminated in the year 1809. Its tragedy was that Tyrol was important enough to be overrun, but not of sufficient importance

a shot-silk apron, and a kerchief over the short laced bodice: from the small hard hat with gold braid and tassels hang long satin or velvet ribbons down her back; in her hair is a silver pin and she wears an old fashioned necklace of garnets. In winter-time she wears in addition a black shawl with long fringes. The children are movingly solemn duplications of their elders.

Andreas Hofer.

OF MOUNTAINS, TREES, MOUNTAIN PASTURES AND ANIMALS. Eagle and ibex, chamois and marmot, black-cock and capercailzie are all symbolic of the mountains, as are also almrausch and edelweiss, gentian and auricula, nigritella and artemesia. But as is often the case with symbols, the more frequently they are employed in old coats-of-arms and modern posters, praised in word and song, displayed stuffed, pressed and dried in museums, or grown and cultivated in gardens, the more legendary they become. 136 137

Many of them have long ceased to be representative. The eagle and the ibex have been forced by the greed of man to flee to sheltering heights, the edelweiss and artemesia to withdraw to inaccessible crags. Other alpine fauna are rarely seen by the tourist, since they avoid the times and places of his choice. Equally invisible are the mountain flowers which cannot flee from man. 137

Up in the Leithagebirge, near the village of Winden is the Ludlloch, a place where, according to the evidence of human remains discovered there, cave men and cave bears lived in the time of the later Stone Age, i. e. 6,000 or 7,000 years ago. Unfortunately there is no means of the times extent, and it is therefore uncertain whether the cave men ate the bears or the cave bears the men. But as there are considerably fewer bears than men in the Burgenland today, it may be safely assumed that the bears headed the list of table delicacies.

The Burgenland is not unfamiliar with the question of land reform. Should the great estates be preserved as grain producing property or should homes be found for thousands of people in new villages? There are arguments on both sides.

A farm is a book of wisdom. The Burgenland owes its fertility to the hard working hands of its farmers who never neglect their soil, and who meet all their trials with placid good humour.

Although wine-centre of the Burgenland is devoted to agriculture and forestry, it has over 200 industrial undertakings. There are saw-mills, wood-carving centres, parquet-flooring

gleaming pools lie generally beneath heavy masses of clouds whose great shadows move constantly over the inhabitants, houses and flowers. St. Andrä near Frauenkirchen is the place which has a climate in summer similar to that of the Egyptian Helwan. Here, as on the eastern shores of the Neusiedler Lake, flourish almond trees and other plants usually only to be found in the South. Between the lake corner and the heath district lies a strip of specially favoured countryside, one of the chief Burgenland wine districts, with its centre at Gols and Weiden.

The tourist may now find it hard to make a decision: what should come first? Here beckons wine. Ochre yellow is the earth which produces it. Blue shadows toy with every shade of green, that of the firmly tied vines and that of the serrated, dull-surfaced leaves. Soon the glasses sparkle with Ruländer and Furmint, Welschriesling and Blaufränkisch and other famous vintages.

Above the water a silver heron sails majestically through the air, reminding us that the shores of the Neusiedler Lake are unusually well-stocked by nature with wildfowl. In the reed belt surrounding the lake live the grandest varieties of herons; here you also find nests of the bustard, willow-wren and bearded titmouse—a colony of birds such as can be seen nowhere else in Austria. When a flight

136 of wild ducks settles down here with rustling wings you may be meeting with old acquaintances again from the Wiener Stadtpark. The only difference is that there they allow themselves to be tamely fed by children, strutting like actors in the pay of the Municipality of Vienna, while here they lead a free marauder's life in the nightly-stirring reeds of the Neusiedler Lake.

133 And the centre of all this, the lake. As you will expect, it too possesses strange features. In Austria, country of Alps, it is the only lake which is typical of those found in the steppes. Flat as a pancake, it is so shallow that you can fearlessly wade across it in any direction you choose, with no need to know how to swim, exposed to no other danger than that of inadvertently crossing the Hungarian frontier which runs through it.

On what one might call Western Austria's corresponding lake, Lake Constance, you find proud steamers sailing over the bottomless depths famed in ballads, but on the lake in the Burgenland the reckless sailor must only beware that the wind does not blow away all the water from under his keel. This must not be taken too literally, yet it is a fact that when the wind blows for days in a certain direction the whole water is actually driven together in the extreme corner of the lake. This phenomenon of the bewildering "Windstaue" is only one of the many peculiarities of the lake.

Another strange thing is that nobody knows whence its waters come, for the only tributary is the Wulka, an insignificant little trickle. Four times as much water as the brook contributes is regularly lost from its wide surface by evaporation. Logically, the lake should have vanished long ago. In defiance of all the laws of hydrography, it continues to exist, leaving scientists to puzzle out from what hidden sources it manages to keep going.

[691] Occasionally the lake falls on hard times, and about once in a century it disappears altogether. This provides an occasion for the peasants on its shores to measure its bed painstakingly, and to resume the bickerings about the ownership thereof which had been dropped during the preceding century or even the one before it. About the time that the legal costs of these quarrels have so accumulated that the lawyers begin to be afraid that they will not be able to collect them, the lake quietly rises again, taking possession of its old bed as if it had never chosen to